

JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

January 1921

"I Serve"



A Roguish Youngster
In an Albanian School

A.M. UPJOHN

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*Fifteen farm schools for war orphans of France
are assisted by the Junior Red Cross of America*

BOY FARMERS OF "SHA-MEEN-YEE"

By Ethel Blair



"Hey, fellers!"

THE gentleman to whom the hospital authorities had sent René said they were going to a home in the country where orphans boys could be strong and happy.

When they arrived at the village of Chamigny (Sha-meen-yee) they got into a waiting cart and drove to a beautiful estate of farmland and truck gardens, with a stone chateau in the center.

"That is where you will live," said René's guide.

René politely suppressed his unbelief and said nothing until they stopped in front of the chateau and he saw in the crowd of boys who gathered 'round, Philippe, who had disappeared from Paris a year ago. Philippe dragged René off with him.

"How fortunate that you have come to live with us! This house and the estate belong to the kind Monsieur Bellan, who lets us live in half of it."

"But who pays?" asked practical René.

"To Monsieur Bellan nothing! As to expenses—half are paid by the Ministry of Agriculture, no less! The other half by the Junior Red Cross of America!"

"What is that?" asked René.

"That," Philippe said importantly, "is an organization of girls and boys banded together to aid children. They are helping many farm schools all over France." Then he ran up to a boy leading a fine cow, and made a low bow.

"Bonjour, Mademoiselle Suzanne! (to the cow). Allow me to present Monsieur René!"

Mademoiselle Suzanne received the introduction with calm dignity.

"Next week it is my turn to take care of her," Philippe boasted. "There is the lunch bell!"

Around a long table on the lawn a crowd of lively, healthy boys chattered happily and enjoyed the good soup and bread.

After lunch Philippe conducted his friend to the flower beds, where a skilled teacher talked to them about the flowers, then instructed his pupils to consult a flower dictionary which gave details such as professional florists need.

"In the same way we are taught to raise melons and to farm," said Philippe. "See, here is the hay field. We harvest the grain by hand in the old way and by machinery in the new way. We study, also, with books. But here is the pride of our farm!"

He led the way to a lane of pear trees. René had never seen the like. All their branches had been pruned except those opposite one another, and these had been trained to grow in a "U" shape so that the trees looked like tall green candelabra and the golden pears like glowing candle-flames. "It is too beautiful!" cried René. Like one in a daze he went through the afternoon of work and play and study and in his happy dreams that night the golden candelabra shone upon thousands of young citizens who were learning to make France bloom again above her war-torn fields.



Improving his mind



Once town waifs, these Venetian boys are now sturdy students aboard the school-ship "Scilla"

BETWEEN SCILLA AND CARACCILOLO

And a True Fish Story

WOULDNT' it be fun to live on a ship and go to school there and learn to fish and swim in addition to regular lessons? That's what Italian boys are doing in Venice and Naples where the school-ships *Scilla* and *Caracciolo* are stationed.

About eight years ago a man who was once a street boy in Venice founded the school-ship *Scilla* for Venetian homeless boys. Here they find a home, good food, and a training which enables them at the age of seventeen to earn their own living. During the war many sailors were drowned and twenty-eight of their sons were put on the *Scilla* and maintained there by the Junior Red Cross. All of the *Scilla* boys have written post-cards to American Juniors and the most exciting day of their lives was when answers came back from America.

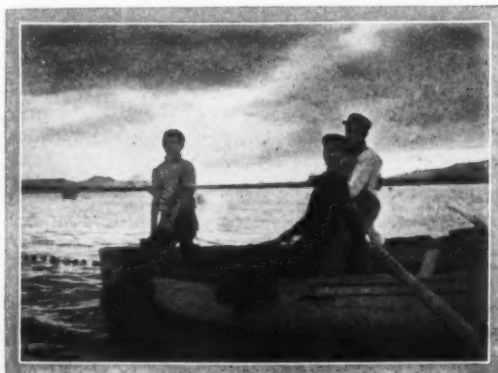
When they have "shore-leave" the boys of the *Scilla* earn small sums and there is a fixed amount received on the ship from subscribers in Venice and the children of America. The older boys voluntarily formed the "Scilla Co-operative Association" and

By Hollingsworth Beach now all the boys are members.

In addition, among the contributors there are men who grew up on the *Scilla* and are now out in the world. These return for regular visits and are generous in their payments to the cooperative fund.

If you ask the boys of the *Scilla* whether there are human fish they will tell you that there are. They know because they've seen one.

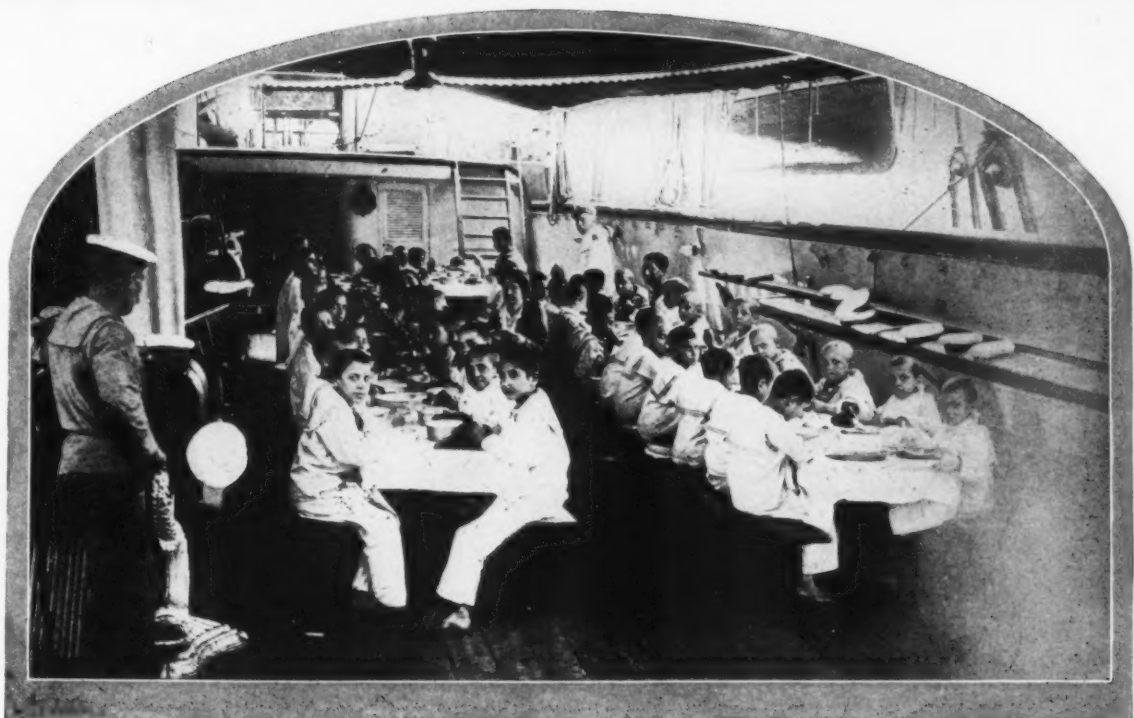
Several months ago, Bruno Ruggero (who jumped into the Piave when he was eight years old and saved a baby from drowning) and about fifteen other boys rowed away from the *Scilla* on a fishing expedition.



Boys of the "Caracciolo" are still fishing when "the sunset turns the ocean's blue to gold"

Bepino went with them to initiate them into the mysteries of deep-sea fishing. He is a marvelous old tar who gathers the boys around him in the evening as the sun is going down across the *Guidicca* and tells them the most fascinating stories in the world.

After rowing for two hours they let down their nets at a place about a quarter of a mile from some stern-looking rocks. Slowly they rowed in a circle, dragging the nets behind them and gradually



Signora Civita reads aloud to the boy crew of the "Caracciolo" at mess-time

pulling them in. Suddenly, Ruggero and his companions shrieked and nearly capsized their boat in the excitement of safely landing the largest fish they had ever caught. Calmed by the sharp command of Bepino, they used all their strength and skill. The net miraculously stood the strain and the boys succeeded in their capture of the great fish. It lay in the bottom of the boat without struggling, and when the young fishermen had cautiously untangled the meshes in which it was wrapped they saw, to their amazement, a totally new product of the sea—in fact, a human fish. Because it was unconscious, they gave it first-aid treatment for half an hour before it finally opened its eyes, stretched its legs and sat up, revealing itself as a nice-looking boy about eight years old. Salvino, for that was the boy's name, told his story in a few words, illustrated by many gestures. He had rowed out from the mainland, gone swimming near the rocks a quarter of a mile away, but had ventured out too far. The last

thing he remembered, after calling frantically for help, was the blue water closing over his head and filling his mouth and ears.

The boys were delighted with their day's fishing and took Salvino back to the *Scilla* with them. When they found out that his father, a sailor, had been killed in the war, that his mother had died, too, and that he had no family, they held a council and decided to adopt him as one of their number if the Junior Red Cross would help them. So the girls and boys of America are preparing Salvino or, as they still call him, "the human fish," to earn his living in the world.

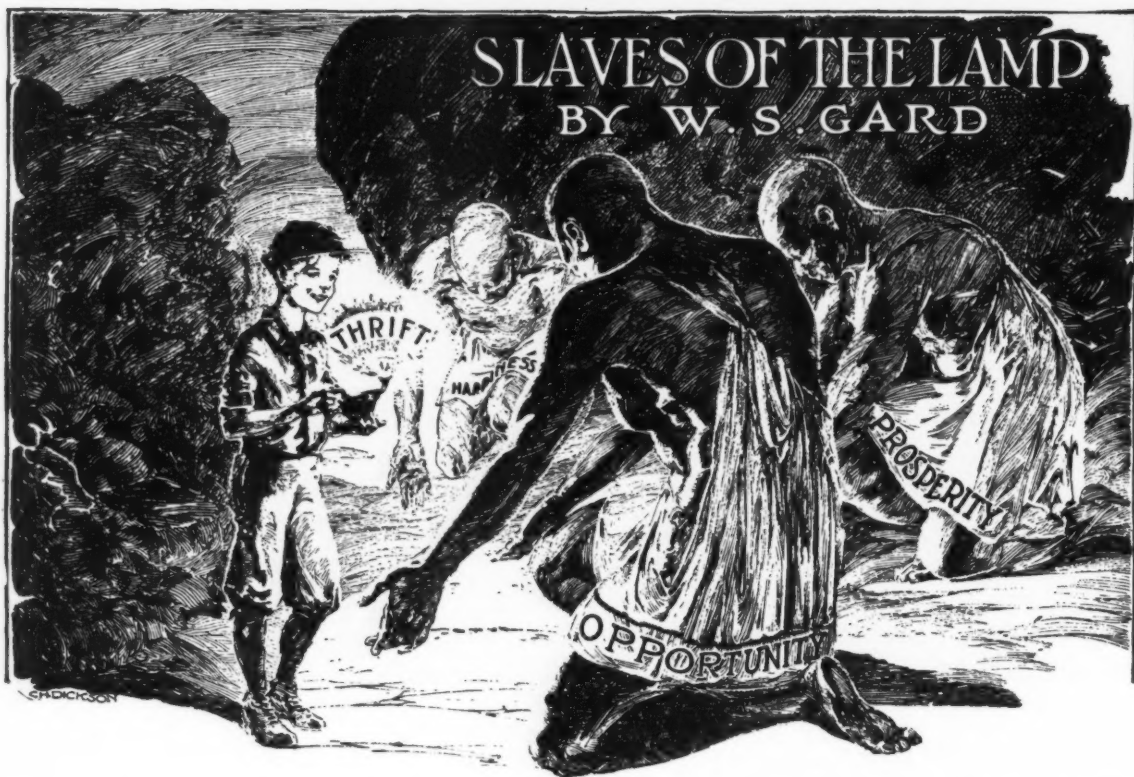
Signora Adelina Civita is the beloved commander of the *Caracciolo*, a former man-of-war, anchored in the sunny harbor of Naples, with a crew composed of 100 boys who have been picked from the gutters of Naples and from desolate homes of Italy, and whose fathers were killed in the war. The ship is supported by generous people of Naples and the Junior Red Cross of America.

The morning is given to the usual work about a ship, and the afternoon to lessons.

Lessons are hardly over when the Duchess del Pezro di Kajanielo comes for her daily visit. She teaches the boys English. They love these lessons, for they all have the ambition to cross the sea and see the young people of America, whose ideals are very similar to those of the people of sunny Italy.



How a boy arrived and how he developed aboard the "Caracciolo" at Naples



TOMMY had spent his Saturday holiday in earning the money that was to complete the price of another savings stamp, the purchase of which his father called an investment. He had gone to bed a very tired boy, so tired that the moment his head touched the pillow he fell asleep.

Suddenly he was aroused from his slumbers by a small voice which said, "Look, the Thrift people are coming!"

Tommy sprang up in open-eyed wonderment, clutching tightly in his hands a queer sort of lamp which a moment before had been a small green stamp, while gradually his bedroom dissolved into a jagged-walled cave. Staring toward the spot where a broad moonbeam drew a ribbon of light across the floor, Tommy saw a group of three gigantic men. Their loose raiment disclosed great muscles capable of performing wonderful feats of strength.

Mustering courage, Tommy finally stammered out, "Who—who are you?"

"We are the genii of Thrift—Happiness, Prosperity, and Opportunity," answered the one nearest to him. "We do the bidding of those who know Thrift. That small green lamp (or did he say *stamp*?) you hold in your hand makes us your servants."

Thinking himself a very small boy in the presence of the giants, Tommy asked very politely, "What can you do for me?"

Happiness was the first to answer.

"Thrift bids me say to you that he gives you contentment; peace of mind; helps you to spend less than

you earn and yet keeps you from miserliness; that he bestows the satisfaction of work well done; the reward that comes from bringing cheer to others. Wherever Thrift goes—thrift that knows not selfishness—Happiness goes also."

Tommy now felt bold enough to turn his gaze upon the second figure, and as if reading the glance, Prosperity spoke.

"Thrift, who dislikes hoarding, bids me teach you intelligent investment and wise use of what is bought."

Tommy smiled toward Opportunity. He felt that he knew this giant and wanted to ask him why he knocked only once when he went calling, but Opportunity answered before Tommy could open his lips.

"I am a frequent caller upon those who know Thrift," he said. "My master sends me to them very often, but I never call on those who dwell with Extravagance. Thrift has no use for wasteful people."

Just then there came a loud knocking, and as Tommy turned in the direction from which the sound came, the dark stones melted into the familiar lines of his little room and his mother stood at his door calling to him to get out of bed.

Rubbing his eyes, he sprang to the floor and there on his table was the thrift stamp he had purchased the day before.

"I am real glad you are not a lamp, after all," he said, and then began dressing hastily. As he bolted for the breakfast table, he paused to give the little green stamp a pinch just to see whether a giant would appear.

MARSHAL FOCH WRITES TO JUNIORS

EVERYBODY likes to be thanked; and while it is not for the sake of thanks that Juniors have been providing scholarships, hospital beds, orphanages, health games, playgrounds, and toys, for children of France—still the New Year season seems to be a good time to show your letters of appreciation from Ferdinand Foch, Grand Marshal of France, and Madame Foch, his wife, who have paused in their busy lives to say an encouraging "Well done!"

Children all over the world are building a House of Friendship, where everybody is welcome. The children are going to write over the door of this House the wish inscribed on two of the schools attended by Marshal Foch: "May this house remain standing until the Ant has drunk all the waves of the sea and the Tortoise has crawled 'round the world." They are building the house out of services, gifts, and kindnesses interchanged. The bricks are held in place by love, which includes encouragement and thanks, and they could have no stronger cement than the affection back of the inspiring words of this great man and his wife.

Madame Foch wrote months ago as follows:

"MY DEAR CHILDREN:

"I know that you are members of the Junior Red Cross and that you render great service to those who have suffered by the war; you contribute to their well-being and you seek the means to console them.

"The children of France, those of the devastated regions and those who have lost their fathers in the war, are very grateful to their comrades in America for all that they have done for them. I, also, thank you with all my heart, knowing as I do what the little Americans have done for the little unfortunate French boys and girls. These

children will be very happy to receive playthings coming from America and they will appreciate them more than if they had been French. There is no better way in which you would prove your friendship than by sending them. They will be used above all for the Christmas trees which we have every year for the children of our soldiers who fell on the Field of Honor, and I can assure you in advance that they will make them very happy.

"I thank you, my dear children, for all that you shall have the goodness to do for our little ones, and I beg that you will receive the assurance of my friendly sentiments."

About seventy-five cases of toys were later distributed in France by the Junior Red Cross, bringing another letter from Madame Foch, which said:

"I thank you a thousand times for the six cases of toys made by the American children for their little French comrades. . . .

They will make our War Orphans happy and I ask you to thank, in the name of these poor children, your generous young compatriots."

On this page appears a facsimile of a letter from Marshal Foch, and the translation follows:

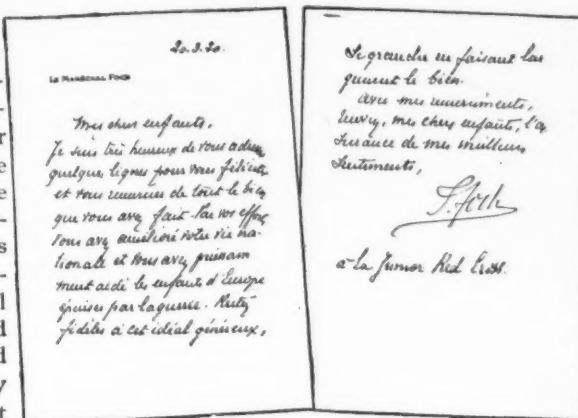
"To the Junior Red Cross.
"MY DEAR CHILDREN :

"I am very happy to address a few lines to you, to congratulate you and to thank you for all the good you have done. By your efforts you have ameliorated our national life and you have powerfully aided the children of Europe exhausted by the war.

"Keep faithful to this ideal: The greatness of doing good with a large and generous spirit.

"With my many thanks, my dear children, please receive the assurance of my best sentiments.

"FERDINAND FOCH."



A letter from Marshal Foch in his own handwriting. If you can't read French, there is a translation of it on this page



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD PHOTO.

Painting of Marshal Foch as a soldier of France, with the "Marshal's baton" in his knapsack"

Here, There, and Everywhere

With Anna Milo Upjohn

QUAINT glimpses—colorful flashes—of child life in six European countries, now spread before you, are from a bountiful store of charming pictures painted for the boys and girls of the Junior Red Cross by Miss Anna Milo Upjohn. About half the countries where Junior educational-relief work is being done are shown. But you see a bit of Italy, where fifteen schools and 831 children are helped; Serbia, with two orphanages and 406 children; France, with a variety of recreational and school activities for 10,000 children; Albania, with 700 girls and boys; Montenegro, with 1,750 children; and Czecho-Slovakia, where Junior activities are benefiting 70,000 children.



Sicilian girls with water jars



A cheerful little boy of the Umbrian hills, Italy



There are few wells in North Serbian villages. Jars are carried some distance to these wells



Boy and girl wood gatherers in French forests not only contribute to the comfort of homes but have good times



Wouldn't you like to know the story this Albanian man is telling the girl and two boys?

Albanian children wear costumes that reflect centuries of Turkish influence, but the jacket the man wears is the "Skanderbeg" jacket of black wool in memory of King Skanderbeg



Two North Serbian boys have been gathering fruit which is plentiful in season



A wee Italian sailor boy is very self-conscious while the artist paints his picture



The market place near Podgoritz, Montenegro. The girl and woman have brought wood and pigs to sell



In Czecho-Slovakia (Old Bohemia) girls wear different costumes for different purposes. The little girl kneeling is in her working clothes, while the one standing has put on a festival dress

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Keeping Cats Quiet can be excellent Junior Red Cross service, as a New England schoolboy has demonstrated. And how many people would think of feeding them to accomplish the purpose, and of doing the other things which the following letter indicates this Junior did in order to preserve quiet for a grandfather who was ill?

"I have done my best for the Junior Red Cross at home," he writes. "I brought home boxes for the fire. I made the beds and I cleaned the sink. I kept as quiet as I can, for my grandfather was sick. I fed some cats to keep them quiet too. I went on errands to the store and other places. To stop the baby crying I had to amuse him. I took care of the house when my mother was out.

"I hope to do better next week."

Can a young Junior "do better" than this? It is a glorious record, and while some older Juniors might not fancy doing certain of the so-called "little things" that this boy did, both his willingness to do them and the fine manner in which, obviously, he did them command admiration. And the service began where it should begin—in the home.

The Humbler Things have to be done before the miscalled important things may be achieved. And that is a good realization with which to start the new year. There may be many Juniors, there may be numerous Junior Auxiliaries, that stand back from attempting to serve because they can see their way clear only to doing something "little." Read about "The Feat of a One-Room School," on the opposite page, and you will grow to understand that the little things are in truth the big things. Furthermore, what you can "see your way clear to do" is far from being the limit of your capacity. New vision comes and fresh opportunities unfold even as you strive to do well that which lies before you.

There Are No Secrets in the Junior Red Cross, so here is a word about a new use to which your Junior RED CROSS NEWS is being put: In certain sections of the country—and perhaps there will be many more!—it is being used to help make American citizens of immigrants from many lands who, though grown men and women, like to see the pictures and read the articles and stories in your monthly magazine. The NEWS can also be used for native-born adults in night classes which are held in different parts of the United States. Every Junior will rejoice that this additional good can be done by the NEWS.

Your Work Is Appreciated everywhere, at home and abroad. Many kind things are written about the Junior educational-relief projects in foreign lands. *Le Monde Nouveau* (The New World), a magazine published in Paris, in a generous article speaks of the "touching initiative" of you Juniors in assisting in caring for thousands of French war-orphan, and concludes with this:

"It is through this organization (the Junior Red Cross) that the school children of France and those of America will learn to know each other better, and if from childhood they conceive of friendship the ones for the others, there is no doubt that the two nations will remain friends and allies forever."

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is a world made new.
—Primary Education.

If a man empties his purse into his head, no man can take it away from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest.—Franklin.

TODAY

I've shut the door on yesterday—
Its sorrows and mistakes;
I've locked within its gloomy walls
Past failures and heartaches.
And now I throw the key away
To seek another room,
And furnish it with hope and smiles,
And every spring-time bloom.

No thought shall enter this abode
That has a hint of pain,
And Envy, Malice, and Distrust
Shall never entrance gain.
I've shut the door on yesterday
And thrown the key away—
Tomorrow holds no fears for me,
Since I have found today.

—Vivian Yeiser Laramore.

CASTINE GOES TO CAMELOT

The Feat of a One-Room School

IT'S a far cry from North Castine, Maine, to Camelot; yet the spectators at the Emerson School pageant might have been excused for thinking themselves suddenly dropped back to "Goode Kynge Arthur's" day.

True, the curtain carried by the heralds was only a sheet painted with the Pendragon emblem, the shields were of cardboard bearing the various devices of the knights, and bright sweater-tunics, bathing trunks, long stockings and skirt-capes served in place of silks and velvets for the knights and ladies. The very throne itself was made from the teacher's desk and the woodbox, covered with shawls and cheese-cloth.

But the green meadow and pine forest would be a fit setting for many a tournament, while the lovely, winding Bagaduce River might have been the stream which bore the barge of the Lily Maid of Astolat down to Camelot.

And more convincing than any setting or costume was the knightly spirit that shone in the faces of the members of the Round Table and rang out in the Junior Red Cross Song of Service which ended the pageant.

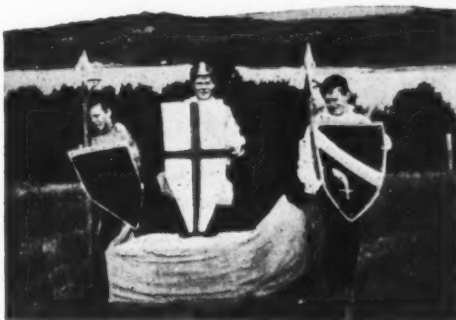
Admission fees, and the sale of ice cream and candy made by interested mothers, brought this Red Cross Round Table forty dollars, ten of which was sent to children in France. The rest will be used for playground equipment and dental work.

A very successful day, you will agree. But the best of it is that it did not end there.

Long before the pageant the boys and girls of this one-room school had organized a Junior Red Cross unit and formed under its auspices a Round Table, having for its ideal: "Service to all Children." They met twice a week, and, after hearing their leader's stories of the children of far-away lands, they earned enough money to subscribe to the Junior RED CROSS NEWS and to provide a mail box for Emerson School.

Now these children, who at one time had no interests

or responsibilities other than school work and home "chores," are in touch with the outside world, and a part of the great "get-together" movement among children everywhere. The Happy Childhood poster and the illuminated Junior Red Cross Service obligation hanging on their schoolroom walls are only the outward symbols of their great awakening.



North Castine players beside the Bagaduce River

HELPFUL HINTS FROM HOME

Scrap-Books—Juniors of Crittendon, Virginia, sent a large box filled with them to the children of the Virgin Islands.

First-Aid Kits—Canon City, Colorado, Juniors furnished them to rural schools in the county. The community nurse taught proper use of the kits.

Scholarships—Porto Rican Juniors have established one in the University of Porto Rico for the girl graduating with the best grade from the high school.

Scrap-Bags—Williamson County, Tennessee, Juniors collect in theirs, materials to be made into garments for overseas children and needy ones at home.

School Grounds—Juniors of LaGrange, Kentucky, equipped theirs with comfortable benches and provided slides for the younger children.

Helping Hands—Seven little Hungarian children were discovered in a tumbledown house by Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, Juniors. The Juniors gave them food and found homes for them.

Garments—In Tyndall County, South Dakota, Juniors are making them for needy children in Europe. Last year they made them for drought sufferers in Montana and forest fire sufferers in Minnesota.

Serving Others—Furnishing glasses for five children, paying hospital expenses for fourteen others, supplying milk to poor children, and giving \$800 to the National Children's Fund is the record of Tacoma, Washington, Juniors.

Town Park—By trimming the trees, putting up swings and teeter-totters, and building a wading pool, Juniors of Cleveland, Oklahoma, transformed an old park into a community center.



*Is your school mail-box up?
Each rural Auxiliary needs one*

LITTLE STORIES FROM FOREIGN FIELDS



The influence for good of the Junior Red Cross is widening in the Balkans, where thousands of children are being taught American ideals through schools

CAN you imagine a whole town full of people with just one chair? That was the situation in a little place called Coulogne in the Aisne region of France for a long time after the war, and the Mayor had the chair. It was either sit on the floor or stand up, for everybody but the Mayor. While two Red Cross representatives were visiting that section in connection with the erection of a memorial fountain to Quentin Roosevelt at Chamery, for which the late Ex-President Roosevelt

provided, they learned of the scarcity of chairs in Coulogne. This was reported to the Paris headquarters of the Junior Red Cross, for it was known that American schoolboys in manual training classes had made thousands of pieces of furniture for the destitute. Very soon thereafter a whole vanload of chairs and tables was delivered in Coulogne with the compliments of the Junior Red Cross of America. The Juniors could not have given a better gift, and it was appreciated unanimously in Coulogne.

Two gipsy mothers met in the hallway of a Ruthenian orphanage in Czecho-Slovakia that is being supported by the Junior Red Cross. One carried a baby clean and sweet in the clothing of an American layette; the other mother carried a youngster who apparently had never been introduced to soap and water and who was covered with a much-soiled cloth.

"Do you think the Americans will give you clothes for a dirty baby?" inquired the gipsy with the clean baby. "Go scrub your baby and wash that rag clean, and maybe the Americans will like you better."

How is that for gipsies?
This orphanage is used

mainly as a temporary shelter, for the little waifs are placed whenever possible in good peasant families, and other homeless children are then taken in. Sometimes it is hard to keep an orphan in a family. Little Vlasta, twelve years old, was given a doll to console her when she left. She had never had a doll. One long rapturous look and she hugged it close in both arms. But when the time came to leave, one arm clung desperately to the American lady and there was wild screaming. Two days later Vlasta and the doll proudly returned. "We come back to American ladies. Good friend give us train ticket." She was taken back to the family, but four days later

at ten o'clock at night a pitifully tired child stumbled up to the big gate and begged admission. She fell on her knees and implored the American ladies to let her and her doll stay—"My most dearest ladies, please let us stay—see my child is clean." She unwrapped a newspaper from her doll. "I'm dirty, but I've walked all day long and the road was dusty. I'll take a bath. O please, ladies, let us stay." The poor little one fell down on the stone floor, sobbing bitterly. A hot bath, and Vlasta and her "child" were asleep in their little white bed, happy and contented.

Although Belgium has recovered sufficiently from the terrible destruction of the world war to enable the American Red Cross to conclude its work in that brave little country, and the Junior Red Cross, too, has largely withdrawn, the school children of the United States have forged, through their Junior organization, a permanent link between Young Belgium and Young America. It is an enduring barrack at La Panne, erected as an annex to the main building of a children's colony operated by a Belgian national association caring for war orphans. The colony nestles among sandhills near the North Sea.



Heavy water jars and copper pots, carried on the head, make Italian girls stand erect. But that isn't the only way to walk erect

A THOUGHT

It is a friendly thing to think,
Upon our sunset sands,
Of other little girls and boys
In distant morning lands.

When I awake, their bedtime
comes,
Perhaps they think of me,
And softly say, "Good night, good
night,
Dear child across the sea!"

—Frances C. Hamlet
In Youth's Companion.

Deft Child Fingers Fashioned This Handsome Desk

FROM AN OLD PACKING CASE

YOU can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear," says an English proverb; but it is highly probable that the crippled children of the Bakulé School at Prague could do it.

They took an ordinary wooden Red Cross packing case and, with the magic of their skill, transformed it into a wonderful carved desk that looks like one of the exquisite products of skilled cabinet-makers of former days. Every piece of material in the desk comes from the packing case which brought supplies to the Czecho-Slovakian children from the children of America, and every bit of the work was designed and carried out by these boys, many of whom have great artistic talent and all of whom are skilled artisans.

The desk is a gift to the Assistant Director of the Junior Red Cross for Czecho-Slovakia, and she

cherishes it as a priceless treasure, for the boys who gave it to her said it was made for her alone and exacted her promise to keep it. She has offered to lend it to the Red Cross Museum at Washington for a time, and it will shortly start



A jewel from the rough is this beautiful desk, handmade by Czecho-Slovakian schoolboys

for America, where it will be placed on exhibition.

This packing case desk is only one example of the results achieved at the Bakulé School in training crippled children to become self-supporting artisans. Three hundred children, taken in from the streets of Prague, are being taught here with the financial aid of the Junior Red Cross.

A DAY WELL SPENT

If you sit down at set of sun
And count the deeds that you have done,
And, counting, find
One self-denying act, one word
That eased the heart of him that heard;
One glance most kind,
Which felt like sunshine where it went,
Then you may count that day well spent.

—Normal Instructor and Primary Plans.

THE GRATITUDE OF GIOVANNI

SIGNORINA, what can I send to the children of America?"

Giovanni, who is an Italian schoolboy, had been thinking about it all day, ever since the arrival of the story books from America sent by the Junior Red Cross. All the children shared his delight in the books, but Giovanni felt the need of *doing* something to express his appreciation.

"Why don't you draw something for them?" suggested his teacher. "You draw so well, Giovanni."

So Giovanni drew these pictures. A picture of his house, which is a little different, as you see, from American houses. And the pictures of his teacher, which I fear is not flattering, but, after all, in general outline much the same as teachers the world over. And then his "gatto," or cat. The cat's expression is a little queer, but quite friendly. It's only the body which is remarkable for a cat—but then it's an Italian cat. Though, of course, you know and I know that cats are the same the world over. Giovanni hasn't quite mastered

his art, that's all. But he's done pretty well, don't you think? And then, it's the spirit of the gift that counts, and Giovanni did so want to do something for the children of America, to show that he loves them, as they love him.

The square blocks on the roof of the house are huge flat stones, and in the chinks are grass—and a pumpkin. A queer place for a pumpkin; but, you see, it gets the sun there and is quite safe from a stray cow or other pumpkin lover. Perhaps it isn't quite as large as Giovanni has drawn it, but it's awfully hard not to exaggerate when you have a great growing pumpkin on top of your house.



Giovanni's teacher, his cat, and his house, drawn by himself. Grass may grow on the roof of Giovanni's home, but it doesn't grow under his feet

MA: Why didn't you wash your ears, Johnnie?

JOHNNIE: You only told me to wash my face, and I didn't know if my ears belonged to my face or my neck.—*Boy's Life*.

MOTHER: Jimmie, if you eat any more, you'll burst.

JIMMIE: Well, pass the cake, Mother, and get out of the way.
—*The American Boy*.

Here Are Suggestions On Fitting Junior News Into

THE DAY'S WORK

THIS number of the NEWS covers varied and inter-

esting activities of Juniors all over the world and should prove an inspiration for the coming year. The contents have been classified for convenient use in the classroom.

FOR THE BULLETIN BOARD

Material for the Bulletin Board can be displayed more effectively if only one or two articles or pictures at a time are put on the board. When these have become thoroughly familiar, others may be substituted for them. For this purpose, use "Marshal Foch Writes Juniors," page 71; "The Editor's Letter to You," page 80; "From an Old Packing Case," page 77; the editorials on page 74, and the wonderful Upjohn pictures on pages 72 and 73. The couplet from Primary Education, page 74, may be written on the blackboard and allowed to remain there for study.

FOR READING AND DISCUSSION

It will be helpful to read and discuss "Boy Farmers of Shamen-ye," page 67; "Between Scilla and Caracciolo," page 68; "The Editor's Letter to You," page 80; and especially the article on page 79, "When We Were Juniors." Much interest can be added to a discussion of the last named article if each person gives a list of favorite books.

LITERATURE STUDY

"When We Were Juniors," page 79, can also be made very illuminating from a literary point of view by a comparison of the styles of the various writers mentioned. "Castine Goes to Camelot," page 75, will stimulate interest in the legends and customs of King Arthur as set forth in Tennyson's "Idylls of the King."

SCHOOL PLAYS

"Castine Goes to Camelot," page 75, also suggests how school plays may be produced by utilizing the material at hand in the most imaginative manner possible.

GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

The Upjohn pictures on pages 72 and 73 are interesting from both a geographical and historical point of view. The cheerful little boy of the Umbrian

Hills hails from a part of Italy which produced a wonderful school of

Italian painting. The girls with the water jars are from Sicily, that island of romance and legend. Mt. Etna is there, you will remember. "Little Stories from Foreign Fields," page 76, furnishes a colorful subject for map study. "Castine Goes to Camelot," page 75, may be linked up with the history of medieval customs in England.

FOR EVERY MORNING OR FRIDAY AFTER-NOON EXERCISES

The poems, "Today," page 74, "A Thought," page 76, and "A Day Well Spent," page 77, will be appropriate for recitation at the opening exercises, while a discussion of the Juniors' work, as described on page 74, will be interesting at a Parent-Teacher's meeting.

ART APPRECIATION

The charm of the roguish little Albanian boy on the cover will be more fully appreciated and enjoyed if the picture is mounted on cardboard and hung in the schoolroom, where it may be examined at leisure.

IDEALS OF SERVICE AND PATRIOTISM

Various ideals of the Junior Red Cross are brought out in "The Gratitude of Giovanni,"

page 77; "Slaves of the Lamp," page 70; "Castine Goes to Camelot," page 75; "Helpful Hints from Home," page 75; and the quotation from Franklin, page 74.

SOMETHING TO DO

Never has the world experienced such a shortage in the toy crop and Juniors are being called upon to aid in making up the shortage. It means a job for the schoolboys and schoolgirls of America running continuously through the twelve months of the year. Keep the saws flashing and the paint splashing. Millions of children are play hungry as well as food hungry. The Juniors have to play Santa Claus every day. A booklet on toymaking will be mailed to your Auxiliary if you will write to the Chairman of your Red Cross Chapter School Committee about it.

FINALLY

It would be a good plan to carry out the suggestion in "The Editor's Letter to You," page 80, and send in your definition of the Junior Red Cross purpose.



"The Lesson of the Ants." January 17 to 23, 1921, is Thrift Week

"WHEN WE WERE JUNIORS"

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH, an American By Louise Franklin Bache books at my home and on my visit to Boston. I cannot re-

member what they all were, or in what order I read them; but I know that among them were 'Greek Heroes,' La Fontaine's 'Fables,' Hawthorne's 'Wonder-Book,' 'Bible Stories,' Lamb's 'Tales from Shakespeare,' 'A Child's History of England,' by Dickens, 'The Arabian Knights,' 'The Swiss Family Robinson,' 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Little Women,' and 'Heidi,' a beautiful little story which I afterward read in German. * * * I loved 'Little Women' because it gave me a sense of kinship with girls and boys who could see and hear."

We all know how Abraham Lincoln borrowed every book in the frontier district in which he lived. Books were scarce in those parts, at the time, so the list is short: "Robinson Crusoe"; Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress"; Weems' "Life of Washington"; and a history of the United States. A lady made him a present of Aesop's "Fables," and "Abe was as happy as a king." He read them until he knew them by heart. It has been said that it was this book of fables that first created his love for stories and storytelling.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow tells of the best loved book of his boyhood in these words: "Every reader has his first book * * * one book among all others which in early youth first fascinates his imagination, and at once excites and satisfies the desires of his mind. To me, the first book was the 'Sketch-Book' of Washington Irving. I was a schoolboy when it was published, and read each succeeding number with ever increasing wonder and delight."

"The story of Theodore Roosevelt is the story of a small boy who read about great men and decided he wanted to be like them. He had vision, * * * he had persistence, and he succeeded. * * * Dr. Livingstone's 'Travels and Researches' was probably the first 'grown-up' book that he read, and he must have been very small when he read it, for it is recorded that he was in kilts and could hardly drag the heavy volume from place to place. * * * Cooper, too, became a source of more than excited interest." Of his "Leatherstocking Tales," Roosevelt once paid the following tribute: "There is nothing like them. I could pass examination in the whole of them today. Deerslayer with his long rifle, Jasper and Hurry Harry, Ishmael Bush with his seven stalwart sons—do I not know them? I have bunked with them and eaten with them." Roosevelt's love of natural history may perhaps be traced back to these two books which he read when a boy: "My father," he says, "gave me a little book by J. G. Wood (Popular Natural History), the English writer of popular books on natural history, and then a larger one of his called 'Homes Without Hands.'"

[Editor's Note.—Most of the books mentioned above are standard works of literature and as such may be obtained in many editions and prices at any bookshop, or borrowed through any public library.]

The Editor's Letter to You!

Dear Juniors:

What does the Junior Red Cross do? If you should be asked to answer that question in one short sentence, what would you say? Perhaps it would be interesting to write a twelve-word definition of what you understand the work to be and send it to the editor, and some time during this school year selections from these contributions will be published in your JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS. (Do this through your teacher.) One crisp description in a dozen words reads:

"Junior Red Cross girls and boys translate the Golden Rule into action."

That definition is published merely as a starter, and because it goes close to the heart of the subject; but there are many ways of describing Junior Red Cross work by children for children throughout the world. The invitation for definitions from Juniors is extended to you so that National Headquarters can have the benefit of *your* opinions, and I am sure no one will be too disappointed if his or her definition does not appear among the few that can be printed.

It is good to take note, at the outset of a new year, of the very innermost motive of a great children's movement such as your Junior Red Cross has become. I am reminded that a certain school teacher once asked her class the question, "How many children know the Golden Rule?" Would you believe it?—not a single hand was raised at first. Finally one little girl in the back of the room timidly raised her hand. "Come forward, Mary," said the teacher, "and tell the rest of the class what the Golden Rule is." This teacher was delighted to find that *at least one* pupil knew it. Now, what do you think Mary's definition was? Hanging her head shyly on one side, she said in a faltering voice: "Safety first."

Little Mary had confused a modern motto with a beautiful old biblical rule, it seems. "Safety first" is a good motto in one sense—is especially good to remember in crossing streets, in walking around machinery, and in mines and such places. Also it has a selfish meaning, but Mary didn't mean it

selfishly. Anyhow, it is far from being the famous rule which has been simplified to read, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." This new-old rule really needs *translation into action* in many, many parts of the world, for "Safety first," in a selfish sense, is apparently thought by many, many people to be the right answer.

You probably know that the great war which was recently fought, and which has made urgently necessary the educational relief work among children that your organization is doing, was supposed to have wiped out a large part of the world's selfishness. But to stamp out this erroneous way of thinking, this attitude of distrust and suspicion toward fellow beings, requires eternal vigilance on everyone's part. I am going to close your New Year letter with something mighty fine about the Junior Red Cross and its work which appeared in a recent Bulletin of the League of Red Cross Societies, published in Geneva, Switzerland. The article says:

"The dream of world brotherhood can only be realized by youth, and youth alone can * * * vindicate our faith in the Red Cross as the greatest existing force for diminishing suffering and adding to the sum of the world's happiness.

"The young generation will have to face the grave problems of tomorrow, the outcome of the follies of yesterday and the mistaken remedies of today. When it has served its apprenticeship in that great training school which has the Red Cross for its emblem, and has become imbued with the *universal truth* of its message to the world—once the great fact has been realized on the thresh-

old of life that the fundamental principles which make for the happiness of humanity are identical in all countries and among all races, and that these interests must be safeguarded at all costs and against all dangers, whether in the form of war, pestilence, famine or natural disaster—then may we be at rest regarding the world's future; it will never be entrusted to better hands."

Heartiest good wishes for a useful, healthy, happy New Year.

AUSTIN CUNNINGHAM.



A South European Miss Muffet
a-knitting big socks on her tuffet

